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The New Order

IT IS just as well to remember that after this war there will be inevitably a "new order" of a sort, and one not necessarily foreseen and described either in "Mein Kampf" or in the Four Freedoms and the Eight Points. There will be a new order based on the facts which the struggle has determined. In one sense this new order which will be announced one day in Europe, whether by German or by Allied proclamation, will be like New Year's Day on a calendar—an artificial marker in the ceaseless flow of time and change inciting men to look back on their memory of things past, but also, with humanity's brave expectancy, to look forward. After a war the dead are in the past, men and their cities have been destroyed, the great rubble of destruction is in the past; one nation's power or another's has abolished frontiers, turned the wealth and power that were behind those frontiers into a memory. But after a war the things that men seek are the same and the search for those things is the same—the compelling necessity for the search is the same. Then, the conquerors and the vanquished, or perhaps merely the survivors, face together a new order of fact under the ageless skies.

This is the material on which the intelligence of men will have to work. Certain things will be gone, irretrievably. Certain things will have to be done no matter who has won the war or lost the war or no matter by what compromise and negotiation the war has been ended. There will be the fact of Europe, the fact of European unity. There will be the material of Europe, the humanity of Europe—millions of men no longer organized in self-containing, self-sufficing, political and economic units. How that unity has been effected is not of essential importance. It will persist even if the agent is destroyed. It will bind the German people to the peoples of Europe and no one knows what fraternal resistance may arise to abolish the crimes committed against European humanity. The fragmentation of Europe is already in the past. Europe as a whole, including the peoples of Germany, will be enslaved: Europe as a whole, including the peoples of Germany, will create a new order of freedom.

It is this basic unification of Europe, accomplished in agony and destined to endure, which forms the material for the new order. War aims have no meaning unless they adhere to this reality. For the "new order" is not Hitler's; no fatality binds it to any cruel aberration of a master race. The "new order" is simply the end of the old.

On Condemning Peoples and Systems

THE PASTORAL LETTER of Archbishop McNicholas to the priests and people of his Archdiocese of Cincinnati ought to turn consideration of the war question away from some futile and improper discussion which has undoubtedly been disturbing some relations within the Church and those between some Catholics and non-Catholics. It should serve the purpose the Archbishop speaks of in his introduction: "There should not be a lack of national unity among informed Catholics on principles. But we may expect the best citizens, even members of the same family, to be divided in their opinions."

The encyclicals of Pope Pius XI on communism and nazism have entered into the war debates, and this pastoral sets out to interpret those documents in an objective manner for Americans today. It is recalled that "His Holiness issued his two epochal Encyclicals on nazism and atheistic communism within five days." In both cases Pope Pius XI condemned the systems under discussion with complete severity, but in both cases there was a clear distinction between the people and the system:

> . . . The late Holy Father made a clear distinction between nazism and Germany. Pope Pius XI did not condemn the whole German people. Neither must we. He condemned the system. He condemned unequivocally nazism. . . .

Archbishop McNicholas quotes from the papal encyclical condemning communism:

> . . . In making these observations it is no part of Our intention to condemn *en masse* the peoples of the Soviet Union . . . We blame only the system, with its authors and abettors. . . .

The immediate public and national importance of the pastoral arises, of course, in connection

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with aid to Russia and cooperation in the war. Archbishop McNicholas writes:

> In attempting to clarify the words of Pope Pius XI . . . we do not wish to enter the domain of politics. But we do say most positively, after studying the words and the mind of Pope Pius XI, that this paragraph [the one in the letter on communism containing the warning, "Communism is intrinsically wrong, and no one who would save Christian civilization may collaborate with it in any undertaking whatsoever."] was not given as a moral direction to governments regarding aid or refusal of aid to Russia in case of a war of defense.

According to this statement, therefore, the question of US aid to Russia cannot be pulled into the debate by either side. The problem is one where "we may expect the best citizens, even members of the same family, to be divided in their opinions. We again plead with all in our diocese to respect the opinions of others and not to suspect the motives of sincere persons who differ with them."

Archbishop McNicholas does not reopen the question of the collaboration of Catholics in their locality with communists. For the faithful, there is to be "within the limits of his jurisdiction no collaboration whatever with communists under any guise whatsoever, even in humanitarian or praiseworthy affairs. The tactics of the communists cannot be trusted in this locality. They cannot be trusted in any locality in which they try to gain a foothold."

Splitting Process

THE NEW YORK CITY election for various reasons is more than a matter of strictly local interest. Its mere magnitude gives it a certain importance; in a nonpresidential year the city's people cast votes equivalent to five percent of all those cast throughout the nation in 1940. Then, too, Little Flower La Guardia, with his tireless dynamism, has become much more than a local politician; his name is as well known to all Americans as any name in politics. But most important of all, the election points to a changed political situation by no means restricted to New York.

The spectacle of a Democratic President endorsing a Republican Mayor, while a Democratic Governor, old friend and long supporter of the President, endorses the Democratic candidate for the mayorality. A Republic Borough President, George U. (Rubber Hose) Harvey, who hates the Republican La Guardia, and has consistently opposed him on the Board of Estimate, is defeated by a Democrat, Burke, who, the newspapers say, on major policies will be La Guardia's man.

American politics have traditionally been based on a rigid two party system. That began collapsing some time since; it now seems to have reached the ultimate collapse. What will be the outcome? The Democratic New Deal seems to want to crush Democratic Tammany; the Fusionist Republicans are eager for the alliance of the Democratic New Deal. And the balance of power, in New York, is wielded by the American Labor Party, which gave La Guardia forty percent of his total vote. Does this indicate the possible rise of a national labor party—a party strong enough to hold a balance of power, but not strong enough to elect many of its own candidates?

One thing is certain: the cleavages within what remains of the old-line parties are vastly deeper than the official cleavages between the parties themselves. More than ever before the fight is between personalities—men, more than principles. La Guardia against O'Dwyer, Roosevelt against Willkie, not Republican against Democrat. Is this a part of that atomizing process so characteristic of our whole Western world, where men's allegiances can no longer be given to parties, can only be given to men? Is this a symptom of the disease whose climax and catastrophe is totalitarian tyranny under the leadership principle? No easy answer will do for these questions, and they persistently obtrude themselves.

The Farm Picture

THE STATUS of so many American farmers has changed for the better that the current issue of the *Farmer,* of St. Paul, Minnesota, finds it necessary to warn its readers against men and women who are going around from house to house peddling furs and "very rare lace." The Department of Agriculture has forecast 1942 farm cash income at $13,000,000,000, the highest since 1920. The average farm commodity prices are expected to be 25 percent higher in '42 than in '41; they are already above or near parity figures. In round numbers the farming population comprises one-quarter of the American people, and at present they receive one-tenth of the annual national cash income. In the last war the American farmer for a time enjoyed one-fifth of the national cash income and some farm leaders again have their eyes on that figure. There is considerable anxiety over the reactions next March to actual payment of the steep new income taxes; there is fear of a popular outcry for economy, of slashes of such items as farm benefit payments. Resentment against rising living costs has already led to pressure in Congress for ceilings on commodity prices, while Senators and Representatives from the farm states are supporting the bill providing against price ceilings under 110 percent of parity, or under the 1919-29 average or under prices prevailing October 1, 1941. Meanwhile cattle men and flax growers are perturbed over provisions in the new Argentine trade agreement. Dairy farmers feel threatened by the increasing use of margarine colored and flavored to seem like butter. Wheat producers still have terrific surpluses. Cotton growers

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seek a price and volume program that will raise their living standards to that of other occupational groups. And so forth.

Mr. Moulton of the Brookings Institute recently pointed out to the cotton men that parity could be at best but temporary. To raise farm prices lifts the cost of other things, so that it merely starts a spiral from which the farmer gains no lasting benefit. In the long run, rural areas suffer with urban districts when there is inflation. It is no easy task to set an equitable proportion for national farm income. The farmer's actual and potential living from his own produce must figure in such calculations. Current prices for hogs, several varieties of cattle, wheat, oats, soy beans, clover seed, eggs, cheese and other commodities sway the farmer to turn his entire acreage over to cash crops. He would do well to remember what immediately followed the boom farm prices of 1919-20 and devote sufficient acreage for food and feed to meet the needs of his own establishment. Agrarian leaders and rural editors have the responsibility of continually presenting the current market for the impermanent phenomenon that it is.

The Anniversary of the Balfour Declaration

NOVEMBER of this year marks the twenty-fourth anniversary of the Balfour Declaration whereby Great Britain guaranteed to Jews the establishment and protection of a homeland in Palestine. In this short interval the Palestinian venture has quite literally "fulfilled a long time." Part of its concentrated history has been the immense constructive effort of transplanting a population and successfully creating around it a complete national life. But external to the positive effort was the strife with Palestinian Arabs, of which several bloody chapters speedily unfolded to the gaze of mankind. Among Jews the division of thought regarding the re-rooting of a Jewish nation in the original home of the race has been deep. The Zionist groups have steadfastly held to its feasibility, believing that Britain should stand by her guarantee to the full, and that racial and religious friction with the Arabs will eventually be worked out. There are less optimistic Jews who think that the site of the homeland should have been elsewhere, despite the enormous religious pull of Palestine for every Jew; to them the Balfour Declaration was largely a matter of British policy as of the war year 1917, and without denying that Britain may wish to keep her promise, they are chiefly impressed with the hundreds of millions of Mohammedans in the Empire jealously watchful of what happens to their Arabian coreligionists. To the interested non-Jew, the logic and, more, the economic and psychological need, of a Jewish homeland are evident. But turning his attention to contemporary events, he wonders with foreboding to what extent these may relegate to history the Zionist controversies and Arabian-Jewish local conflicts which yesterday were fresh and full of importance. In the event of a successful German operation in the Near East, what will be the fate of Palestine, at least in our time? It is only fair to say that the Zionist groups are confronting the future open-eyed. The anniversary celebrations of the Declaration make this clear. They do not merely envision the final peace as in their favor. A New York mass meeting called for the formation of a Near East Jewish army to serve with Britain's allies. The women's Zionist organization Hadassah at their Pittsburgh conference also demanded an army, but they are thinking in terms of peaceful settlement as well. They denounced Britain's suspension of immigration to Palestine, and her recent insufficient lifting of the ban, and set forth plans for assimilating a two-million increase in Palestine largely by mass immigration.

Propaganda and Patriotism

THE New York *Herald Tribune* reports that the Institute for Propaganda Analysis has suspended most of its activities for the duration, "lest its work be misused by groups opposing the nation's defense effort." The president of the Institute is quoted:

> . . . At such a time, it is not practical to attempt dispassionate analysis of the steps being taken to impress the country with the seriousness of the crisis. Such analyses, however objectively carried out, would naturally be utilized by groups opposing the main trend of events, and would soon be involved in the welter of attack and counter-attack that accompanies a period of national tension. . . .

Priest on Housing

THE Kansas City *Register* tells of the position of Father Emmett McLaughlin, O.F.M., in public housing work. He is president of the Western Association of Housing Authorities and has successfully brought to Phoenix, Arizona, where he is a pastor, decent housing units for more than 500 families, colored families who were immemorially "shack-dwellers." He believes "the housing program, vital for the aid of the 'poorest third,' should have greater support by the Catholic public, especially the clergy." There are now fifteen priests who are members of housing authorities in various parts of the US. In Phoenix, the average cost of the new family units, mostly designed for large families, is $1,700, the lowest figure in the country. Father McLaughlin believes that the responsibility and knowledge of materials and conditions of the housing authority is one of the principal reasons. He opposes a tight centralized housing authority. Father McLaughlin sees great possibilities for permanently useful housing in the defense program if local authorities are given a proper share of control.

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What Was Jugoslavia

A student of European history who loves the country writes about its people.

***By* Max Fischer**

THESE LAST WEEKS there has been much in the newspapers and picture-magazines about Jugoslavia: news of guerilla revolts, of sabotage, of German reprisals, photographs of bodies hanging in a grove of trees. . . .

Ever since the mutilation and dismemberment of Jugoslavia, I know: You can mourn for the death of a state as you can for the death of a close friend.

Jugoslavia is not my fatherland. I lived there less than two years. But I made more friends in this country than anywhere in the world. Nearly every year I would return for a short visit, to see my friends, to enjoy their beautiful homeland, its progress, its landscape, its wine, the sincerity of the common people, their wit and their good breeding. For six years I have not seen them any more; I live now "on the other side of the Atlantic."

Some Jugoslav intellectuals are still in contact with me. They send me letters, newspapers, pamphlets, pictures, poetry. But many of my friends are too illiterate to write. I know they still remember my company, just as I long for theirs. Going on a pilgrimage to the monasteries of Crna Gora and Macedonia, sailing or fishing in the Adriatic Sea, pressing their grapes or guarding their sheep, playing the gusla or debating on Life and Eternity, they will sometimes wonder, "whether he may be happy in America." Once a Jugoslav sailor, arriving on a ship from India, surprisingly stormed my hotel room, which he found out with the ingenious tenacity of a Sherlock Holmes. Another day I found in my mail a rough, hand-knitted pair of gloves, fit for an Arctic expedition. "I did them," a poor lady from the woody mountains of Croatia wrote, "as a Zagreb paper reported that this year the winter is especially rigorous in America."

* * *

Nor did I forget them, my hosts from the Velebit and the Danube, as far as Lake Ohrid and Lake Doiran: all of them children of one nation, speaking the same language (though divided by different churches and the use of different alphabets). They have the same lovable features of Balkan stubborness and Slavic sensibility. They were so happy and so proud in their national state, created after the first World War and steadily developing toward cultural unification. I know, of course, that this state was not perfect; that unfortunately it included a German, an Hungarian and an Albanian *irredenta*. But what has happened now is much worse. It is a strange thought that my friends of Jugoslav nationality, though they all live in an area about the size of Oregon, are divided and humiliated, living under German, Italian, Hungarian and Bulgarian rule, or in one of these new miniature monarchies, created to dismember a gallant nation under the régime of foreign dynasties.

As the inhabitants of Normandy and of Burgundy differ, yet are parts of one nation, as the Prussians and the Bavarians or the Lombardians and the Sicilians differ, so the Serbs and Croats differ, yet are parts of one Jugoslavian people. The Serbs write with Cyrillic, the Croats with Latin letters. But they write the same language, sing the same folk songs, dance the same kolos, play the same instruments, and both had for more than a century a real spiritual movement toward Jugoslavian unity.

This question of the alphabets was considered quite a problem in the first years after the creation of the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. The Croat nationalists disliked the Cyrillic characters, symbols of Eastern influence. They wanted Latin letters used throughout the Kingdom, in accordance with the "Occidental attitude" of the new state. The Orthodox Church, however, always fanatically in favor of Serbian particularism, claimed that the renunciation of the Cyrillic alphabet would be unpatriotic. As a compromise, all names of railway stations, all official manifestations and the like had to be printed in both types of letters.

It was an artificial problem. Any halfway intelligent person can learn to read the alphabet he does not know within an hour, and can write it within a week. According as a Serbian or Croatian author had written the more popular textbook, works in either alphabet were used in high schools and universities. Thus, students of both the Belgrade and the Zagreb Universities used a science textbook in Latin letters, and geography in Cyrillic.

What in fact separated Serbs and Croats was

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their different cultural background. But this difference also was diminished from year to year under the influence of a common history of mutual understanding. While the great Croatian sculptor Mestrovic became as famous among Serbs as among his own, the Serbian upper class started reading Croat poets, and Serbian authors were devoured in Croatia.

* * *

The Croatian Kingdom of 1941 is anything but the fulfilment of the political independence and greatness that the idealists among the Croatians had hoped for. Not only has the Croatian state been obliged to give up sizable territories in the north to Germany and Hungary, but nearly all the seaports, with the exception of Dubrovnik (Ragusa) and nearly all the beautiful Adriatic islands with the exception of Hvar (Lesina) have been surrendered to Italy. A hard fate for the Croats who have been the best mariners of the eastern Mediterranean since the days of the great sailing-boats.

Italy has always desired this coast (which has much better natural ports than the Italian side of the Adriatic) for "historic" and "cultural" reasons. Here Venice received tribute and influenced intellectual life and especially architectural style. In some cities we still find the descendants of the old upper class, mostly impoverished and degenerated, who for some centuries have been assimilated to the Italians. From this coast came Andrea Medulich Schiavone (Schiavone is Italian for Slav), one of the great colorists of the Venetian school, and the gifted poet who wrote Italian poetry under the name of Giovanni Gondola and Croatian poetry under the name of Ivan Gundulitch. In gardens, running wild now many, many decades, stand the old dimly lighted palazzi of such families, whose impoverished kin still live in the world of Tasso or of French romanticism, far away from the problems of our time.

The real impetus lies with the mountaineers of the hinterland, who came to the coastal cities during the last century, bringing with them the energy of people who believe that their historic times are not in the past, but in the centuries to come. Everywhere on that coast which now, without any military effort from the Italians, goes to the "Regno" by Hitler's consent, you could hear during the two last decades contemptuous stories about the Italians, such as the legend of courageous women of Trogir who are said to have put to flight with their umbrellas a troop of Italian carabinieri. Dalmatia now is a Croatian irredenta in Italy; a fact realized with bitter disappointment by the citizens of the new Croat state, who, when longing for Croatian autonomy, thought of it as strong and independent.

The magnificent parliamentarian leader of the Slovenes, Father Koroshetz, was more of a realist, and he became one of the pillars of Jugoslav unity, because he foresaw that the destruction of the common state would expose the little tribe of the Slovenes to political subjection by Germany and Italy.

Father Koroshetz, who died a few months before the dismemberment of Jugoslavia at the age of 68, was a great priest and a great patriot. His popularity among the Slovenes was enormous. Already under the Hapsburgs, Koroshetz became vice-president of the first government of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes, was minister in numerous cabinets and in 1928 even was Prime Minister, though only for a few months. He was an able parliamentarian, an element of conciliation in the quarrels between Serbs and Croats, but also a real father for the spiritual and material interest of his Slovenian compatriots. When King Alexander turned Jugoslavia into a dictatorship, Koroshetz resigned and became more and more an element of the opposition. King Alexander thought his influence so dangerous that he decided to intern him on the island of Hvar, off the Dalmatian coast.

Here I spent a few days with him in the early spring of 1935. Hvar is a beautiful spot, with charming hills and many reminiscences of Venetian times. Near the harbor, rather deserted during winter, though twice or three times a day visited by steamers from the mainland during the summer season, stands the pompous Palace Hotel, with its old Loggia, a fashionable resort in the golden times, when the upper class of Vienna and Budapest liked to visit this enchanted island. When I came to call on him, the "honorary prisoner" was the only guest in the vast building. He had a nice room, overlooking the sea, filled with books, wine bottles and delicacies, sent to him by his Slovenian friends, who evidently had the illusion that without their gifts their dear leader would have to content himself with water and bread. In fact he had an opulent table d'hôte in his hotel; the cook, very pleased to provide for such a food-loving gastronome—perhaps the only weak spot in Father Koroshetz's character—pampered him with all kinds of Viennese puddings and other sweet desserts; and besides this the fishermen, as soon as they had caught a specially nice fish, hurried to bring it to Father, explaining to me that this fish was much too good for themselves or the fishmongers in town, but just fit for a saint. For to them the Slovenian leader, whose kindness to everyone and whose solitary life was daily before their eyes, was surrounded with holiness. He had resisted the worldly authorities and had preferred to come as a martyr to their humble island instead of being a high dignitary in the Belgrade government.

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You have to realize that the inhabitants of Hvar are Croats, who by language and customs differ somewhat from the Slovenes. Nevertheless the leader of the Slovenes was not a foreigner to them. He joined in their mentality, advised them in their little problems, played with their children and even shared their fear of Italian expansion. He was proud of their Slavonic stock, as were the fishermen of this island, who, however ignorant of history and world affairs, never forgot to tell you that a certain famous world traveler called Marco Polo, "who brought the spaghetti from China," is wrongly claimed as an Italian, since he was a Croat from Curzola, their neighbor-island. Father Koroshetz sympathized with their firm belief that, though Italy had a more glorious past, the future of Europe would be strongly influenced by the still undeveloped energies of the Slavonic nations.

Father Koroshetz was not only a politician, but a learned man with a fine knowledge of European history. He was terrified by the coming together of Germany and Italy, and he was in a great sorrow about the irredenta of 600,000 Slovenians and Croatians in Italy, who were systematically Italianized by the Fascist administration. He had so many ideas as to how to fight these dangers—but his King had stopped his activities. So his life was limited to reading books, to enjoying the landscape and the good food.

The Jugoslavian authorities did not interfere with Father Koroshetz's comfortable style of life, even with visitors like me. Only when we went for a walk, one or two gendarmes followed us at a respectable distance. They were very proud, when "His Excellency," their prisoner, had some small talk with them. He no doubt could have escaped in a rowboat, or perhaps even in the motorboat of some friend, to the Italian shore. But he did not want to go into exile, and especially he did not want to depend on the favor of the Italians. He felt sure that his internment would end some day and that a new wave of national policy would restore him to office and political influence.

Perhaps the Jugoslav authorities expected that the idle life on this sybarite island might break Father Koroshetz's spirit of opposition and make him soft enough for compromise. As he was suffering from diabetes, the rich food and especially the delicious "Wiener Mehlspeisen" were poison to him. A few weeks after my departure Father Koroshetz became so sick that the authorities had to move him to a sanatorium at Split (Spalato). Here he remained till his king's dead body was brought on a warship to that port, when he joined the procession of the mourners, was hastily pardoned and soon promoted to be Minister of the Interior by the Regent Prince Paul. It was a national holiday for Slovenia.

* * *

A few memories of a brave country, which was working out the pattern of its fate. I am sure it will rise again, perhaps even united with Bulgaria as a state of the Balkan Slavs, dwelling from the Adriatic to the Black Sea—a valuable nation with an individuality of its own, a voice not to be missed in the chorus of a future Federation of the United States of Europe.

Bad Boy + $25=Good Boy

A bit of practical work in juvenile delinquency prevention.

***By* Karl Detzer**

ON THE CITY MAP in the office of Police Chief Frank J. O'Malley, at Grand Rapids, Michigan, a small, wedge-shaped area of about one-half square mile is outlined in red pencil. River and railroad yards cut it off from the rest of the town. Generations of local citizens have called this district "Hell's Half Acre" or "The Badlands." But Chief O'Malley has a new name for it. He calls it simply—and proudly—"The Neighborhood."

For decades this bleak poverty-stricken region was the despair of police, clergy, teachers, social workers. Although it contained less than one fortieth of the city's population of 175,000, it produced nearly a fourth of its juvenile crime. Of the 450 boys and girls who called it home, an average of 135 were arrested each year.

Now and again various social agencies made attempts to heal this sore spot on the city's face. They always failed. Extra police patrols also proved ineffective.

Then early in 1938 big, handsome, white-haired Chief O'Malley, who has five children of his own, and 32 years police experience, decided to try a new kind of cure. He knew that no one could talk goodness into bad boys, or beat it into

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them, or implant it in them by throwing them into jail. To improve young morals, he would have to remove the cause of wrong-doing. What was the principal cause?

He asked that question of police chiefs in 37 cities, got 37 different replies. They ranged from poor housing to poor literature, from nutrition to the movies, from parents' attitudes to poverty to sex—all problems beyond the scope of the police.

Ignoring all these factors, O'Malley put his finger on one about which he or any other earnest policeman could do a great deal. Lack of decent recreation, he decided, leads to street-corner gangs, and gangs lead to crime.

"You can't prevent crime with either hymn-singing or a tough cop's nightstick," O'Malley said. "Only thing to do is keep these kids so busy they don't have time for devilment."

So he set out to keep them busy. First he appealed to churches and civic organizations for advice and moral support. But he kept them in the background, knowing that slum boys don't trust well-dressed, well-fed strangers snooping about. He had neither the money nor the desire to employ trained social workers for his field force.

Instead, he called on firemen and policemen—hard-bitten, realistic men who as boys had learned the tough and miserable facts of poverty out of their own experience. These men, he knew, would see through the sooty, hard-boiled veneer of slum boys and girls, would speak their own language, understand their peculiar problems.

Using a small staff of such men, using also plain horse sense, plenty of hard work, sympathy and endless effort, Chief O'Malley attacked crime in its own dirty back yard. Result: the very next year—1939—instead of 135 arrests, there was exactly one. And in the 22 months since then *not a single boy or girl from this shabby and underprivileged neighborhood has landed behind the bars. An amazing record.*

Probably nowhere in America has crime taken such a beating in so short a time. Probably nowhere has the salvage of tarnished youth been so complete. The neighborhood remains ugly, poor, dirty, hopeless. But the boys and girls now hurrying daily through sodden streets to a bright, newly painted little house in the middle of the district have something to live for, something important and exciting.

They have a clubhouse of their very own, where they can whoop and holler and act natural without anyone to shush them, where they can fight and play and roll in the mud and make as much noise as they want. They have a skating rink in winter, vegetable gardens and an athletic field in summer, a machine shop and a library, radios and a kitchen, a room to sit quietly and study and a room for rough-and-tumble. Best of all, their club isn't a part-time proposition; its doors stand open invitingly from morning till late night.

The club

At the club, and stemming from it, scores of them have jobs at which they not only learn how to use tools and machines, but make a little money. All they lack is enough hours in the day, enough days in the week, to take part in all the club's programs, to share all the adventures. There is not a spare minute or an idle young hand in the district. Crime is beaten from the start; it simply can't compete with O'Malley's program of something doing all the time.

Chief O'Malley had no money to start his neighborhood rehabilitation plan. He had no headquarters in the area. But there were two small, adjoining houses in the district which a church had been using as a part-time mission. The church gladly turned over the buildings to O'Malley and with them the services of a deaconess.

The houses were in bad repair. It would take both cash and labor to make them usable. So O'Malley called a meeting of firemen and policemen, told them his plan, and asked for volunteers. To a man, they agreed to help. First, to get money, they organized a field day, police versus fire department, and a boxing match for which Joe Louis donated his services as referee. These events raised $900.00.

O'Malley bought lumber and nails, paint and cement. Policemen and firemen spent weeks of off-duty hours rebuilding the two houses and connecting them by a center hall. They built lockers and porches, slapped on paint, planted lawns, laid sidewalks, put in sewers, and when that was done they volunteered to carry on in any other way they could help.

"It'll be quite a job," O'Malley warned them. "You'll find that child guidance isn't a one-evening-a-week proposition."

In general command of the project he placed a police captain who also acts as his secretary. To take charge of the clubhouse and of discipline he selected a big, kindly, solid patrolman, a veteran of the neighborhood beat, a man who doesn't expect all boys to be saints and all girls cherubs, but who does expect them to play the game. His is a 12-hour job, seven days a week.

For athletic coach, O'Malley sent the police departmental drillmaster, who has a local reputation as a boxer and athlete. A policewoman took over the task of handling girls' activities. The church deaconess and workers from NYA and WPA manage the day nursery and pre-kindergarten children. Firemen and policemen help with the Boy Scout troop; police radio operators and fire alarm electricians hold classes in their specialties;

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volunteer teachers from the public vocational schools teach shop classes.

Grand Rapids quickly got behind the chief and his plan. The city incorporated a "Youth Commonwealth," with leading citizens as officers and advisors. Memberships cost from $2 to $100, and *every cent* is spent on the youngsters themselves. There is not a single paid employee.

Annual cost of the entire project is about $3500, an average of $25 for each boy and girl saved from arrest and disgrace. It is Grand Rapids' experience that it costs more to send a boy to jail than it does to make a good citizen of him.

"Of course we use cops in this job," O'Malley admits. "Two or three men on the payroll spend part or all their time working with these kids when they could be walking beat. But the fire department has found that it pays to use men preventing fire, and we find that crime prevention pays, too."

The chief divides his program into almost equal parts of work, study and play, and makes all of them so attractive they fall under the heading of recreation. On the city's edge, two miles from the clubhouse, the city sewage plant stands in the middle of a waste of municipal bottom lands. The soil is rich and black. This area became the club garden.

Boys and girls are divided into small teams—which is just another word for gangs—and each one gets exactly the same amount of land. Then in the spring the race is on, each team trying to outdo the others in keeping its plot weedless, in growing more and better vegetables. The youngsters keep the garden truck they raise, help to feed their own families.

For diligence in shop and field, for helping around the clubhouse, the kids receive scrip which they turn in to the club director for payment on Boy Scout uniforms, for camping trips, summer vacations, a variety of additional entertainment. They also work in the club's metal, leather or wood shops, sell their handiwork and pocket the cash. And they add to their income by repairing neighborhood bicycles and lawn mowers and painting furniture.

Classes

Three afternoons a week a policewoman teaches the girls how to prepare, cook and serve meals, how to buy food wisely, get the most from cheap cuts of meat, and make an inexpensive dinner look like a banquet. One hundred students, ranging in age from 10 to 16, take this course. After each meal is prepared they eat it, minding their manners every minute of the time.

Recently for a boys' class in mechanics, police brought in a confiscated slot machine. They allowed the youths to tear it to pieces "to see how it worked." While learning something of mechanics, the boys also discovered that it was impossible to win. This machine, like many others, had been "fixed" by its operator to pay back only 10 percent of the coins dropped into it. No one preached to the boys; their own good sense proved to them that slot machines are a sucker's game.

Club members range in age from 8 to 20, with a handful of pre-school tots in the day nursery. There are about 100 girls, 225 boys in almost daily attendance, another hundred who attend once or twice a week. The club is organized like a city, with a "charter" modeled on Grand Rapids' own, with elected "mayor," "commissioners," "judge" and all other city officers. Campaigns are fast and furious; partisanship reaches such a point that on election day an unusually large number of policemen off duty "just happen to drop in." But once officers are elected, the other members obey and respect their authority.

"You can't kill the gang spirit among youngsters," O'Malley says. "It's simply a human attribute. But you can control and guide it, and that's what we are doing in our club elections."

Early opposition to O'Malley's scheme, based on the theory that "policemen have neither training nor background to solve social problems," has almost entirely disappeared. Luncheon clubs and veterans' organizations have presented the police youth center with much of its equipment, stand ready to make up any financial deficits. Other fraternal and civic groups have donated books, radios, phonographs, gymnasium equipment. Ministers of many churches are on the board.

Last fall a group of boys on a hike discovered that apples in a certain orchard at the city's edge were left rotting on the ground. With the owner's permission 50 youngsters spent a Saturday afternoon there, picked 70 bushels of windfalls, sorted and washed them, turned them over to a cider mill. On Hallowe'en, which is a police headache in any town, the club had a party, drank 55 gallons of cider, ate 66 dozen donated doughnuts, made lots of noise, had a wonderful time. And while "high class" residence neighborhoods telephoned in nearly 1,000 complaints of rowdyism, not a single call crossed the police switchboard from Chief O'Malley's "Neighborhood," which used to be "Hell's Half Acre."

"That ought to prove something," the chief says.

It proves something, too, when policemen on the beat in that shabby neighborhood have a hard time these days getting around their posts because boys and girls who two years ago ran from the sight of brass buttons now recognize them as their best friends, insist on stopping them to chat. "Making a good boy out of a bad boy," says Chief O'Malley, "is worth my $25 any day."

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Rations for Winston

By Muriel Kent

I HAVE never been sure whether the name, promptly given to our Winston on his appearance among us, was more a compliment to the Prime Minister, or the acknowledgment of his own outstanding qualities. At any rate, when he came to us out of the blue in the early part of this year (1941), he seemed a heaven-born diversion from the war. And he proved, from the first, his kinship with the particular family of robins which we had mourned for as extinct.

In happier days, we had been intimate with at least three generations of that clan; of which our cherished Caruso and his father each lived nine or ten years. But recent springs have seemed comparatively poor, bringing only robins of less distinction, or other birds, who came to us often for food in the nesting season, and were normally friendly at other times. It is true that during the unusually cold winter of 1939-1940, we had the rare privilege of watching a lesser spotted woodpecker, a very handsome fellow with his scarlet cap and black bars, who often visited one of our bird tables, to make a hearty meal at the hanging fat-container. Last winter was again cold and long, but meanwhile we had become a rationed people, and though the birds were provided with their share of "substitutes," the woodpecker, so far as we knew, never condescended to try them.

Now we are once more willing slaves of a vigorous personality in the bird world; one with many of the familiar ways of his forbears—though, as a matter of chronology, his descent from Caruso is probably at the third or fourth remove. He, too, is a loud songster, but without the remarkable range and continuity of his grandsire. In other respects, he is remarkably true to the family tradition; not only fearless and confiding with ourselves, but ready to accept as above suspicion any one he meets on the premises, from our occasional gardener to the milk boy. The latter had shown a furtive interest in our birds by dropping scraps of bun on his way to the back door; so the least we could do was to suggest that he should offer the crumb-tin to Winston, who swooped down and helped himself with his usual alacrity.

Winston has all the swiftness and decision of our earlier robins; but it is equally characteristic that he sometimes goes into a daydream while perched on the tin, or spends some time in turning over its contents until he finds the kind of food he wants. Fortunately, in these restricted days, he has never become such an epicure as the pre-war birds, who knew the difference between bought and home-made pastry, and despised margarine. Nor does he insist on cheese as his daily fare. But he is quite determined that currants—which even "registered customers" cannot always buy—are an essential part of his own diet, and the right stuff to give his young ones directly they had passed the first period of grubs and insects. Somehow or other, we have contrived not to deny him these; though there have been moments when we watched anxiously while he picked out and swallowed one after another, or carried off a beakful to the nest. And I have heard grave remonstrances addressed to him on the necessity of facing the food situation.

Clementine

His mate, Clementine (rather a mouthful of a name, but when we learned Mrs. Churchill's, we could call her by no other) is a complete contrast; a shy little creature who always preferred to carry off the crumbs thrown to her, to eat in private, unless supported by Winston's presence. While they were still occupied with the earlier stages of nesting, Winston used to perch on a high wall near our back door, and summon us by a clear, imperious call to attend to his hen. When one of us obeyed, he either flew off with the air of having done his part, or waited till she was satisfied before taking his own meal. It was only during the period of sitting that domestic etiquette made him feed her, in a rather masterful fashion, which she accepted with great flutterings of pleasure.

But we think that Clementine was the attraction that caused Winston to claim territorial rights in our garden this year. Not that he is at all scrupulous in keeping to those limits, for he seeks us out everywhere, and enters the house by any convenient door or window. Indeed, his practice of going from room to room and hopping about the floors often makes us uneasy, lest our more clumsy movements should be dangerous to him.

The pair made their first nest in an ivied stump within a few yards of the back door, a most convenient site for their supplies and our observation. So it was a special disappointment when we discovered that the season had been too cold for the newly hatched birds, and all had perished. Winston and Clementine set to work again, but not in our garden; and they only succeeded in rearing one brood during the summer. He showed tremendous energy in catering for the family and kept us so busy that it was almost a relief when nursery meals came to an end, and the delightful, precocious babies were brought to make their own appeal under our windows.

Winston would certainly have set up another home as soon as they were quite independent, if an early, and severe, moult had not prevented it. He still came to our rooms occasionally, but just for a "snack" instead of serious foraging; and looking only a shadow of his genial, spruce self; thin and jaded and, for a time, tailless. Now that

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he is recovered, we are gratified to find that he has evidently cast in his lot with us as an all-the-year-round friend; and we can look forward to other generations of his lovable kind, if all is well, next year.

Robins have been less affected by the Food Controller's regulations than our other birds, nuthatches and the tit tribe, who, for many years past, have been provided daily with a few peanuts, placed in the covered part of our bird-tables for their special benefit, and secure from the larger visitors. These birds, in spite of being chief losers by the ban on imported nuts and the reduction of fats, seem to have adapted themselves quickly to changed menus—with one notorious exception.

This was a hen oxeye (great tit) who showed shrewish displeasure when peanuts vanished from the shops, and it became necessary to dole out the precious kernels one by one from a hidden reserve. She used to demand attention by violent gestures outside the windows, or pursue the Commissary-in-Chief about the garden, almost flying in her face to express what she felt about such methods. When the very last nut had been bestowed on her, she forsook us to look, we suppose, for less niggardly hostesses.

Views & Reviews

BY MICHAEL WILLIAMS

THE WORK of the reorganized international Center of Information Pro Deo has been set up in Lisbon, Portugal, according to a bulletin recently issued by a branch established in the United States, which bulletin, Number 2, states that those who desire further details of the work outlined should communicate with A. M. Brady, 325 West 101 Street, New York City.

In the leading paragraph of the "News Briefs" in Bulletin 2 a list of the leaders of the Pro Deo movement in Europe who are now in nazi concentration camps is given; the suppression of the formerly well known and highly regarded Catholic intellectual journal *Hochland* is announced and many other items dealing with the relentless, ever-extending warfare of the nazi system against Christianity are given, and are continued in the next Bulletin, 3.

These items give a special interest to the article begun in 2 and concluded in 3, in which an account is given of the many years of experience gained by the Pro Deo organization in its international struggle against anti-Christian movements, and why it is that what the article itself terms "the belated struggle against nazism" now occupies the first place in its agenda.

For the past quarter of a century, the article explains, "communism has been enemy number one of Christianity." Therefore, the first place in the agenda of Pro Deo "was to organize propaganda against the anti-God organizations of Moscow." The intense activities carried on in eleven countries in which press agencies coordinated with international press services in Breda and Brussels, sending special correspondents on extremely risky and difficult missions into Red Russia and into Spain during the civil war, are briefly described.

With the rise into full power of the nazi system in Germany, the Pro Deo bulletin explains, "for some time many Christians hoped that nazism might put into practice its many promises regarding religious freedom for Christians." Such Christians, apparently, were all too easily fooled, especially when they should have remembered how before the nazis won supreme power their anti-Christian principles and heretical words and actions concerning the Catholic Church had justly earned for them the condemnation, in some cases the excommunication, of the majority of the German bishops.

However, the fact remains that, as the bulletin mildly states the case, "an effort was made to believe in the promises of the nazis and a policy of cooperation was advocated by some." But the effort completely failed. Dr. Hein Hoeben, head of the Pro Deo press work, formerly editor of one of the great Catholic newspapers in Germany, the *Kölnische Volkszeitung,* who made an intensive study of the relations between the Church and the nazi state, was packed off to a concentration camp.

Under the leadership of Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop Groeber and Archbishop Count Galen, the majority of the German hierarchy "abandoned all hope of a sincere working agreement," and "the international Catholic press service was depended upon to spread systematically the truth about the religious persecution in Germany in the hope that under pressure of public world opinion the persecution would be lessened to some extent. . . ."

The nazi propaganda service replied to this effort on the part of the German Catholic leaders by establishing a "so-called Catholic press service in Berlin, edited by a nazified priest, Father Leonard," which service was distributed throughout the world "trying to prove that religion was free in Germany and that Hitler is the new type of the new order which has to be judged by other standards than the old ones. The same priest was also sent over the frontier to lecture on the same subject. He was later replaced by an irregular Trappist monk." Periods of religious persecution never seem to lack enthusiastic appeasers and collaborators from among those being persecuted.

What is supremely important in the statement made by the American branch of the Pro Deo movement—which for so long has taken such a foremost place in the international Catholic struggle against communism—is its declaration of the fundamental conclusions reached by the Pro Deo leaders as a result of its intimate and expert studies of both communism and nazism. First, so it puts the matter: "nazism is much more dangerous for the normal classes of society than communism . . ." The reasons for this conclusion will be discussed in this column next week, as space is lacking now; but meanwhile interested readers are urged to communicate with Pro Deo.

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Communications

THE FRENCH CATHOLIC CONSCIENCE

TO the Editors: M. Henri-Haye's letter (November 7) seems to me to require only the following rather simple reply: Obviously I did not seek information on events transpiring in France from a lecture given by M. Henri Torres in Canada. My sources are other—direct, many and concordant with each other; if I cannot be more precise, it is merely because of the conditions under which men live in France today.

My article (October 3) was not concerned with the attitude of the Vichy government as a whole toward the Catholic religion, but with the complex attitude of French Catholics toward this government and its policies. In my opinion it does honor to the perspicuity of Admiral Darlan that he should have been aware of the difficulty which collaboration with nazi Germany has aroused in certain consciences. His government's distrust in connection with Catholic circles is moreover made manifest by the measures taken against the weekly *Temps Nouveau* and the review *Esprit*.

All my information confirms the anxiety of Catholic consciences confronted with the policy of collaboration. Surely no one over here will be astonished at this anxiety; rather one would be astonished if it did not exist.

HERBERT MORRIS.

The Stage & Screen

The Land Is Bright

WHATEVER else you may say about "The Land Is Bright," it offers something which the modern theater is sadly deficient in—the opportunity for acting in the old fashioned sense of the term. Many of the characters may be stencils, many of the situations those of conventional melodrama, but they at least give the players the chance to play—and the players do it to the hilt, always under the admirable guidance of George N. Kaufman, who with Edna Ferber wrote the play. There is Diana Barrymore, who first as an excitement-crazed débutante of the prohibition era and later as a charming and sympathetic woman of forty, shows fire, personality and unusual versatility, a true actress coined from the true Barrymore mint; there is Ralph Theodore, admirable as a Western millionaire; G. Albert Smith, equally admirable in his short scene of revenge; Phyllis Povah, amusing as the Western wife; Martha Sleeper, not successful as the young girl of the first act, but admirable in her mature scenes; Hugh Marlowe, Leon Ames, K. T. Stevens, Robert Shayne, James Le Curto, and Arnold Moss—accomplished artists all. The players, the direction, Mr. Mielziner's scenery, Miss Sharaff's costumes are in short everything they should be.

The play itself is theater rather than life. It deals with with three generations of a *parvenu* family—the first gen-

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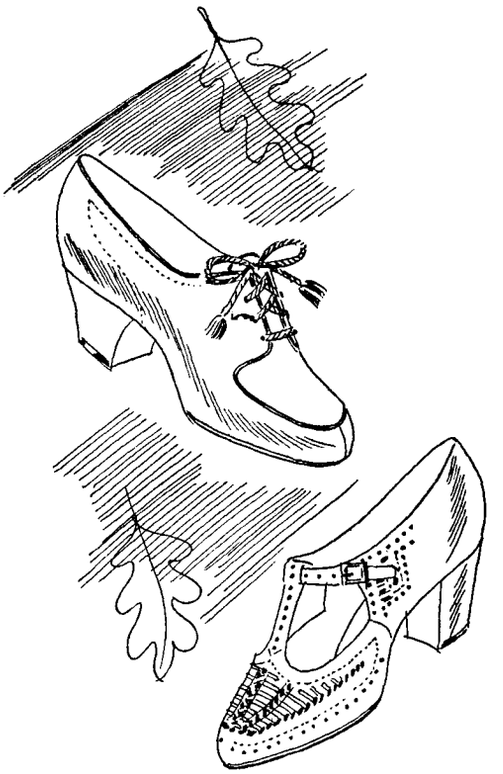

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eration crude but vital, the second sophisticated but vulgar, the third beginning to attain to a sense of responsibility. The first two acts are the best. Here there is life and color, though it is the life and color more often of the theater than of truth. But it holds the attention, often even fascinates it. The last act is less successful, for it is evidently intended as a criticism of life rather than mere entertainment. What are perhaps virtues in the first two acts are here drawbacks, for the writing lacks distinction and subtlety. But despite its failings, "The Land Is Bright" is excellent entertainment. In a time in which the theater too often suffers from emotional anemia this is all to the good. *(At the Music Box.)*

Up the Rebels

THE BLACKFRIARS' GUILD of New York has made an admirable beginning in presenting Sean Vincent's play of the Irish rebellions of 1916 and 1922, with a prologue and epilogue set in a Dublin blackout of today. "Up the Rebels" would probably never have been written had Sean O'Casey not shown the way, but despite its parentage it has its own accent and its own message. That message is not one of hate. The play shows the horror of the fratricidal struggle between Irishmen, and it leaves one with the final feeling that there may be justice as well as injustice on both sides. Mr. Vincent has a keen sense of character and of dialogue, even though at times his dramatic structure wobbles a little. Perhaps though this is implicit in the nature of the characters themselves, who don't seem always sure even of their own fanaticism. The acting is on the whole excellent, fully as good as most of the recent Abbey Theatre productions. Special words of praise are due Barbara Barton, Sarah Flynn, Liam Dunn, William Hollenbeck, Thomas Farrell and Michael Barrett. Edward Rutyna's setting is likewise admirable. If the future productions of the Blackfriars' Guild are as effective as the opening one, both Catholics and the theater itself are to be congratulated. *(At the Blackfriars' Guild Theater.)*

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Come Come I Love You Ownalee

"THE CHOCOLATE SOLDIER" is a curious but happy combination of Oscar Straus's music from the light opera and the plot of Ferenc Molnar's play, "The Guardsman." MGM couldn't use the original because the book is really Shaw's "Arms and the Man" and Shaw said no. If you remember "The Guardsman" as played on the stage and screen by the Lunts you will recall it is full of witty lines and a most audacious situation in which the jealous husband disguises himself as a Russian guardsman to test his wife's fidelity. You never know for sure if the wife is sure that the man with whom she spends the night is her husband and if the husband finally knows for sure that his wife knew for sure. This kind of sophistication requires the subtlest kind of acting. What Victor Saville's handsomely dressed production may lack in deft performances it makes up for in the fine singing of Risë Stevens and Nelson Eddy. The pair hit it off well together. Mr. Eddy unbends a little more than usual, particularly when protected by the Russian disguise and false whiskers. Miss Stevens, in her first film, proves what grand opera goers always suspected—that she can act as well as sing. Roy Del Ruth directed with a light touch; the sumptuous production numbers are well staged and with enough variation to hold your interest. Whenever the plot seems forced and slightly indecent, you can concentrate on the unusually good singing, which not only includes the popular Straus music but also "Evening Star," "The Flea" and "My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice." Perhaps Risë Stevens does raise her eyebrows in a knowing look too often; but in this movie version she knows all along who the guardsman is. Which raises the question: is the act immoral if the man in the affair really is your own husband?

Those who saw *"Ladies in Retirement"* on the stage may be somewhat disappointed in the film. Flora Robson played the lead as a strong character with her back against the wall, desperate in her desire to provide for her batty sisters. Ida Lupino, younger than Miss Robson, as the lead is harder, more vicious and at times as crazy as her sisters. Too many close-ups are used, and the result, instead of being a picture of sheer horror, is more often a study in the psychology of insanity and desperation. But the film is still well above the average and will keep you uneasy in your chair for its entire length. Director

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Charles Vidor moves his camera out on the marshlands to give the properly lonely setting for the gruesome events in Estuary House. There are plenty of hysterical details induced by the two addled sisters, portrayed by Edith Barrett and Elsa Lanchester. Isobel Elson is again the fussy, blondined, middle aged ex-chorus girl who must be disposed of so that Ida Lupino can use this house as a sanctuary for her sisters. But the hitch in the plans is the mean fifth-cousin, a rôle that Louis Hayward wraps up as his best film job. Insolence, bravado, cupidity, shoddy little tricks are his forte. Although Lester Cowan's and Gilbert Miller's production has difficulty in getting away from the staginess of the original, it does have its big cinematic moments: the bedlam caused by the mad sisters, especially the one who wants to tidy up the river bed; the slow dropping of the pearls on the carpet to indicate the strangling action; Ida Lupino's fearful face when she hears the strains of Tit-Willow. We are particularly interested in this good Cowan and Miller production because of the recent report that their next film will be Graham Greene's "Brighton Rock."

Bob Hope, one of the screen's funniest comedians, does the best he can to make the mediocre quips of his new film sound funny. But even he can't make all that repartee about men who sleep in lace nightgowns sound like anything more than shady humor straining for a laugh. The situations arising out of Bob's betting that he can tell *"Nothing But the Truth"* for twenty-four hours prove rather amusing. He is aided by Paulette Goddard and hindered by Edward Arnold, Glenn Anders and Leif Erikson, who throw themselves into the spirit of the game. You find yourself playing too and wonder what you'd do as each complication puts Bob on the spot to tell the truth and get his face slapped.

The heroine of *"Belle Starr"* is not to be confused with the historical female bandit of the same name who carried on vile some sixty years ago. The present film makes her a Civil War belle who aids her husband (Randolph Scott) by continuing the war in her home state long after Lee surrendered. Lamar Trotti's script vaguely calls her "what white men call a legend." The film has some superb technicolor, and Irving Cummings directed well. Pretty Gene Tierney makes a lively heroine even when she is delayed by too many close-ups. And the plot makes some good points regarding the relationships between Southerners and Yankees. In fact if this film had been about Lizzie Gulch, a completely fictional heroine, it might have got somewhere. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of Week

5th Column

Secret History of the American Revolution. Carl Van Doren. Viking. $3.75.

THAT BENEDICT ARNOLD betrayed his country is something about which Americans have never possessed doubt. Nonetheless some of our recent novels have tended to minimize this betrayal. Almost all the novels, for example, of Kenneth Roberts, and a recent novel called "Renown," by Frank Hough, have seemed to be rationalizations of Arnold's action. They have taken on the coloration of the British explanation, or of Arnold's own. At least they have pretended to be essays toward understanding the man whom Mr. Van Doren calls "the Iago of traitors."

Novels now give way to facts which reveal Arnold to have been "bold, crafty, unscrupulous, unrepentant." No case at all can be made for him. He was and is and always will be our supremest ignominy.

What Mr. Van Doren does here is to tell the whole story for the first time. His work is more than a book: it is an historical document. For he, alone, has had access to the complete Arnold-André correspondence which forms part of the Clinton papers.

Sir Henry Clinton, who was in command of the British forces here, brought home to England a mass of papers. These contained, in large part, the story of the British secret service in the United States. In 1925 the Clinton papers were bought by William L. Clements, and are now in the library of the University of Michigan. To them, Mr. Van Doren tells us, he has been given the freest access. Thus his study of American treason is new, definitive and complete. It is this fact that gives the latest Van Doren book special significance.

As Mr. Van Doren tells it, Arnold was not alone among Americans whose convictions were commodities. Benjamin Church was a paid informer of General Gage. And there were Metcalf Bowler and Edward Fox and William Heron. Samuel Wallis died a patriot, undetected, and it is only now that we know he was one of Arnold's agents. And he reveals, too, that the British tried to buy Israel Putnam, Philip Schuyler, Ethan Allen and, even, Benjamin Franklin. The British and the Loyalist estimate of the patriots was, indeed, low. But this is no matter of great wonder, since the England of George III was corrupt. There, every man had his price, and England was governed, in Lord Acton's phrase, "by patronage and pensions and ribbons and bribes."

But what distinguishes Arnold from all the rest is the audacity, the magnitude of his betrayal—and his failure. Of all the men who pass through these pages, Arnold was the most daring, the most imaginative, the most conspicuous, the most dangerous, skilful and sinister. Mr. Van Doren's Arnold was a restless, ambitious, undisciplined and venal character. Nor is this historian blind to his power. Here is the traitor revealed as a vigorous and original soldier, with a gift for command. But he was proud, passionate and arrogant—possessed, in Washington's neat phrase, with a "little tincture of vanity." A contemporary noted that money was Arnold's god. Arnold went into treason as though it were a business. Indeed, for him it was. This it is that explains his action.

For Mr. Van Doren destroys completely the old, legendary explanations of novelists and romantics. Arnold, it is now clear, was not seduced by the British—he opened the negotiations. Nor was he a victim of Peggy Shippen, although she was aware of the plot. There was no innocence in the Arnolds. Arnold's opposition to the Declaration of Independence, his anger at the French alliance, these Mr. Van Doren shows to be myths. Arnold was a mature and self-willed man. The final responsibility is his; he was betrayed by what was false within.

Mr. Van Doren's portrait is drawn with painstaking care. The whole story unwinds slowly and with exact-

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ness. Clinton's narrative and the Arnold-André letters make up the appendix, and are published for the first time.

It is not, however, an easy book to read. There are times when, it seems, Mr. Van Doren's evidence overwhelms him. He is neither a Maitland nor a Trevelyan. Yet no one will attempt to justify Arnold ever again. And "Oliver Wiswell" is seen to be about as authentic as a character in a romance. The Loyalists, Mr. Van Doren says, really did not understand that the desire for independence was passionate; that the patriots were anything save lawless and inferior. Yet the Loyalists were more numerous and important than we ordinarily think. Once more we feel the almost miraculous and accidental character of the victory. "The patriots, this history at last reveals, had to hold out against a whole set of secret temptations which sought them out when they were tired or poor or resentful or despairing, and offered them ease or comfort or satisfaction or hope. The wonder is—as Washington understood—not that some of them were false but that most of them were true to the ragged colors of a perilous cause." FRANCIS DOWNING.

FICTION

Pray for a Tomorrow. Anne Parrish. Jones. $0.00.

BEAUTY of feeling and of phrase, sensitivity to the good and evil tendencies commingling in the soul of man, infuse some real validity into this novelized protest against the cruelty and misunderstandings that have ranged abroad in our age and in all ages. Miss Parrish calls forth for greater love and for personal atonement, and over a salt sea of reality her intellectualized emotions sail a craft that is as fanciful as anything in James Stephens. It is too bad that the author has not the apparatus which would direct her straight to her destination, nor is it clear precisely what that destination might be. The young fisherman, Andrew, who had half-unwittingly betrayed a trust, is conducted on a tour down the arches of the years by that other, older fisherman, Peter, who also had denied a Friend. Peter, to whom "God gave great honor, never to make him great, but to use him greatly," warmly commiserates with the human derelicts whom he and Andrew encounter on their dream-journey, and he palliates their sufferings with a miracle or two and with shining love. They are the Jews, the insane, the lepers, the deaf and dumb, all brutishly mishandled during the Middle Ages, mainly by the ecclesiastics; they are, too, the Christians wreathed in the flames ignited by Nero's mania. At the end, the chastened Andrew returns home alone, teeming with lurid memories and with promises of lifelong zealousness in spreading the gospel of love. But once safely returned, he forgets . . .

There seems little constructiveness here, no hint of human redemption; only a clarion protest that finally burbles out on a futilitarian note. Miss Parrish commands moments of crystalline rapture and rare artistry, but her historical glimpses are partisan, her philosophy has emotion but no structure of reason. Again, she is devotee to an oversight peculiar to so many railers of Christian history, namely the failure to observe that their own passionate consciences are no invention of theirs, but are sustained, such as they are, on the surge of Christian morality kept flowing even through those Christian ages which they would cynically deprecate. One only wishes that "Pray for a Tomorrow" were as sound and conclusive as it is beautiful and appealing.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

Look At All Those Roses. Elizabeth Bowen. Knopf. $2.50.

READERS of that good novel, "A House in Paris," and that even finer novel, "The Death of the Heart," will not be surprised to see Elizabeth Bowen's preoccupation with children and adolescents in the short stories of her new book. One-third of the nineteen stories reveal incidents that disclose how the twig is being bent. They tell about the little boy, given to tears, idle tears because of a quirk in his babyhood, who is helped through a difficult afternoon by an understanding stranger; of two little girls, in a house of stinginess and discontent, who are losing their loving governess because of a scandal in her past; of the reactions of two high school girls to what they see on a walk in the woods. The best of these is "The Easter Egg Party" with its two old maids in the country, who love children so much that they "still received intimations of immortality," and who fail so pathetically in trying to entertain the citified daughter of an actress.

Admirers of Miss Bowen's novels are likely to be disappointed in this collection. Her themes, which are mainly unhappy with realistic, sardonic twists that characterize so many of the short stories in *The New Yorker,* need fuller development. Furthermore, it is the counterpoint in her novels that gives them their strength and fascination. In several of the longer stories, she attempts unusual juxtaposition of incidents and the introduction of subplot, but these, paradoxically, are the least successful. It is the shorter of her stories that are best, those that seem like brief sketches of a personality to illustrate a point. But "sketches" is hardly the word for Miss Bowen's studied, beautifully written prose with her polished figures of speech ("twilight hung in drops," "daffodils blew their trumpets," "trees like frozen feathers," "diaphanous willows whose weeping was not shocking").

Although the plots in each of these stories are carefully thought out, often they are irritating because of a trick at the end or an inconclusiveness that is perhaps too lifelike. And too frequently does Miss Bowen dwell on frustration—frustration in the woods, in embittered death, in sex, in hopefully attended social gatherings, in the small summer seaside town with its left-behind air, even frustration with a touch of horror amidst the beauty of all the roses. Miss Bowen does not editorialize. She sets her complex characters in vividly portrayed backgrounds (the out-of-season hotel, the houses with distinct personalities, the autumn woods with decay and delicious morbidity), lets them say their say and leaves you to draw your own conclusions. Even while the stories of this book do not come up to the high standards set by her last novel, their superiority in their field should make them the envy of many better known writers.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Jacob. Irving Fineman. Random. $2.50.

ACROSS the ages between the summary narrative of his exploits in Genesis and our troubled day, when we cannot yet declare that the men of good will have learned how to deal with the men of violence in truly good ways, steps Jacob, the father of Israel. Naturally, the central incidents of Mr. Fineman's novel are those that Scripture gives us in ten packed chapters: the birth-struggle of Esau and Jacob, the divided favor of their parents, the pottage of lentils, the stolen blessing, Jacob's

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flight to Haran, his first sight of Rachel, his serving Laban for her and receiving Leah first, his later dealings with Laban and his coming home in wealth and honor to a half-reconciliation with his brother. To a biography that morally troubles critical readers—so little admirable and heroic seems the trickery of high-minded Abraham's grandson—Mr. Fineman brings skillful, sympathetic motivation. To begin with, his choice of method for the story is the happiest possible for his purpose: in an autobiography for his beloved Joseph to read when the yet small boy shall have grown wise enough to understand, Jacob reveals himself. He talks without reserve or concern about proportion or watchfulness against repetition; he talks to the dearest son of twelve about living, from birth to death, about their ancestors and the far future when he hopes and believes that men will live "not by mere faith but by knowledge," about the mystery of woman as well as about his mother and wives, about the sensitive man's "aspiration and anxiety" Godward.

The reader who will most enjoy the novel, then, is one appreciative of this Jacob's self-revelation, subtle, critical and often beautiful and moving. Here is the timeless poetry of a man remembering the indissolubly mixed joy and sorrow of what he has been and done and loved. An occasional curiosity about time may intrude upon the reading, not disagreeably, as the reader meditates on the psalms, proverbs and scriptural poems, even some of the magnificently somber passages of *Ecclesiastes,* which Jacob and his poet father knew. Despite some primitive frankness, Mr. Fineman is not trying to recreate a primitive society or a hero at home therein. His Jacob knows the mind of the twentieth century; and though some of his thoughts, particularly on the divinity within men, seem far from his ancient character, most of the more central ones are comforting, wise thoughts. OLIVE B. WHITE.

The Hills Beyond. Thomas Wolfe. Harper. $2.50.

"THE HILLS BEYOND," a collection of short pieces of uneven merit, is the third and last of Thomas Wolfe's posthumous books. "The Lost Boy," "Chickamauga" and "The Lion at Morning," all of which appeared in magazines during Wolfe's life, include some of his best short fiction. In the first of these particularly, Wolfe achieves precisely the miracle that he does in all his finest work. In no other writer of modern times is there quite his ability to reconcile Coleridgean opposites. The heart's sad unwillingness to accept life's mutability is juxtaposed to so passionate a memory for the shape and color of things that time and change seem suddenly halted in the grip of great pity and great love. Art here achieves a synthesis more calming and at the same time more disturbing than life itself. "The Portrait of a Literary Critic" is satire fit to stand beside the best chapters of "You Can't Go Home Again." Future students of Thomas Wolfe will find "God's Lonely Man" a bit of straight biography, the core and center from which any analysis of the man and his work must take its meaning and direction. Comparable to this essay, beautiful in its guileless sincerity, is a heretofore unpublished letter. Milton in his youth was not more assured of his work or more prophetic concerning its precise scope than was Wolfe at the age of twenty-two when he poured out, in a long letter to his mother, a detailed description of the whole range and method of his work as we now know it.

But it is well that this is to be the last selection from Wolfe's manuscript. For obviously the ladle that skimmed the cream for the present volume occasionally dipped pale blue milk. "Gentlemen of the Press," a one-act play, and "On Leprechauns" might well have been left in the great vat of unpublished manuscript, ultimately to be separated into the sour curds and whey of doctoral dissertations.

The same might be said for the title piece, a truncated novel, which outlines in ten chapters the lives of the ancestors of George Webber. Here is not description, or rhapsody, or poetry, or the magnificent power that was Wolfe's in spite of all his faults, but stark, cold exposition. A lean, stripped style and characters invented, not remembered—these Wolfe strove for in his last work. But they were not the method for a gusty Gargantuan savorer of life.

The book concludes with a thirty-five page note on Thomas Wolfe by Edward C. Aswell. As a close friend of the author, and editor of the great mass of manuscript from which three books have been selected, Aswell possesses unique information. He gives the facts forthrightly, without attempting to evaluate Wolfe's place in American literature. SISTER MARIELLA, O.S.B.

RELIGION

The Passing of the Saint. John M. Mecklin. Chicago. $2.00.

DR. JOHN M. MECKLIN, who is a professor of sociology at Dartmouth College, has made a study of the saints in the light of the different social cultures in which they lived. The thesis of his book seems to be that "saintliness is merely a potentiality of the universal man that is developed by the cultural incidence of a way of life." Since ways of life have differed in different ages, some periods of history have been productive of saints, while others have been barren of them.

The author thinks that the emergence of the saints in the early Christian centuries was the result of the simple piety of the masses. The frame of reference of the medieval saints was the "Christian Myth," which so dominated the middle ages. And the discrediting of the saints by the modern world is due to the impact of the Democratic-Capitalistic myth formulated by John Locke, which has prevailed in the English-speaking world since the eighteenth century. Dr. Mecklin holds that Saint Augustine, in his great work, "The City of God," gave the first comprehensive statement of the "Christian Myth." He lays down certain principles based upon his interpretation of Saint Augustine's writings and illustrates these principles in rather extensive studies of the two saints whom he considers most prominent during the middle ages, Saint Bernard of Clairvaux and Saint Francis of Assisi. The sources used are the works of such a diverse company of authors as Lecky, Saint Gregory the Great, G. G. Coulton, Vacandard, William James, Saint Thomas Aquinas, Sabatier, Gilson, Harnack, the Bollandist Father Delehaye, and such books as "The Rule of Saint Benedict" and "The Little Flowers of Saint Francis."

Although the Jesuits are twice referred to as a "monastic" order (once in a quotation from Harnack) and Luther is described as affixing his ninety-five "themes" to the door of the church at Wittenberg, for the most part, the book is free from minor errors. Dr. Mecklin treats the saints respectfully, but not reverently. His interest in them is genuine, if cold and detached. He believes in them, or he almost believes in them. But he does not believe in Christianity as a divinely-revealed religion, and

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the false assumptions and misunderstandings in his book are manifold, consistent and profound. The disappearance of the saint from the modern scene is naïvely taken for granted, and the author's concern is to explain why the saint flourished during earlier centuries and why he is not found in the world of today. Dr. Mecklin does not believe in the divinity of Christ. Witness the worst sentence in the book: "The Christ of Paul was a Christian adaptation of pagan savior-gods." He is a syncretist and does not believe in a divinely-instituted Church. In fact he has an obvious disaffection for institutional Christianity. He speaks of "the Catholic authoritarian, magical and sacramentarian type of piety" and of "a secularized, sinful church." He does not admit the divine inspiration of the Bible or the existence of miracles, and he appears quite unaware of the part grace plays in the lives of the saints. That he even misunderstands the nature of sanctity is evident from the amazing statement that the tradition of the medieval saints was carried on during the eighteenth century not in the Catholic Church or in the Protestant sects but by such sages as Voltaire, Diderot, Madame Roland, Franklin and Jefferson!

The basic error of the book is that the author, in his effort to prove a thesis that is false, tries to explain in a purely natural way something that is essentially supernatural—sanctity. One gets the impression that Dr. Mecklin has looked at the saints for a long time without ever really seeing them. BONAVENTURE SCHWINN.

SCIENCE

The Social Life of Primitive Man. Sylvester A. Sieber and Franz H. Mueller. Herder. $3.50.

INCREASING INTEREST in the anthropological works of Father Wilhelm Schmidt has resulted in many requests that the teachings of the culture-historical school on primitive social life be presented to English readers in a more thorough fashion. Since the great "Völker und Kulturen" (1924) must now be brought up to date, the authors determined to write a new work based largely on the German original, but only after consulting the recent writings of members of the Kulturkreisschule. Since it is also intended as an introductory textbook controversies are avoided and, all in all, stress is placed on the "common ground" where the Vienna school agrees with the Americans.

A very brief introduction on principles and method leads to an extended description of the nine culture circles together with their historical relationships and temporal sequences. These are the three primitive circles of food gatherers; the primary cultures—patriarchal pastoral nomads, matriarchal horticulturalists and totemistic higher hunters; and finally the secondary circles—free matriarchy, totemism and mother-right, and free patriarchy. Dr. Mueller, the sociologist, contributes the chapters on property, technology and economic life for the primitive and primary cultures, while Father Sieber is responsible for the sections on family, state and associations.

The overwhelming majority of American ethnologists reject the Kulturkreise theory, but since there has been much misunderstanding in the past, some comment may now prove of service. A culture circle is a quasi-organic complex, independent of time and place, which embraces all the essential categories of human life—a complete circle of organic interfunctioning elements, all of which "reciprocally throw light upon the character nature and purpose of each other." On the other hand a culture whole is not always a balanced unit in which every feature has reached the same degree of integration since the existence of heterogeneous culture and the complicated processes of acculturation are fully recognized. Since, in some instances, there is no necessary or intrinsic connection between each element of a culture circle, such as between the simple bow and the other traits that comprise the matriarchal complex, the real core of the argument is found in the consistent connection which investigation has established for these elements. Historical relations cannot be determined by comparisons drawn from a single element like the simple bow. Rather after its adherence to a particular culture circle is known, its discovery elsewhere will necessitate a culture-historical investigation to establish the presence or absence of the other elements belonging to the particular complex. In the latter case its presence may be explained by borrowing or some process of diffusion. Finally the authors point out that the concept of the culture circle is used as a methodological tool and that the actual ethnological facts are not always perfectly identical with the theoretical "culture circles."

The few remarks directed against the criticisms of the American ethnologists are most unsatisfactory. We are informed that the complicated conditions of North America, for which some students postulate multiple origins, Father Schmidt holds must be interpreted on a world-wide scale and that the few origins accepted by the Vienna school are proved conclusions. Father Koppers finds that no less than ten distinct elements are necessary for the totemist complex and the universal occurrence of the combinations of so many intricate phenomena leads to the conclusion that all such complexes may be traced to one common historical source. Deviations are explained by the fact that, in the course of wandering, complexes which had not developed into organically united culture circles, may lose some of the characteristic elements. Lowie and Boas maintain that the word totemism has been applied to the most heterogeneous phenomena presenting superficial analogies and which lack a common historical or a common psychological origin.

Much of the theory has not been grasped by this reviewer and he cannot follow Dr. Sieber, who attributes the American conditions to the complications which result from the fusion of mother right and totemism, and nowhere mentions the fundamental work of Robert Lowie, "The History of Ethnological Theory."

On the other hand the authors must be commended for giving us a book the equivalent of which does not exist in English and which provides an admirable and even indispensable companion volume to Father Schmidt's works on religion and ethnological method.

THEODORE M. AVERY, JR.

TRAVEL

Piñon Country. Haniel Long. Duell. $2.50.

BOOKS written to order to describe a certain river or country are frequently pretty bad. The publishers of the "Rivers of America" series should hear what people who live in the Delaware Valley have to say about their book on the Delaware River. Their ears would be red for a long time. Haniel Long's book on the Piñon Country, the highlands of northern New Mexico and Arizona, written as the second of the "American Folkways" series, is so remarkably good as to merit a review even at this late date.

The piñon is a coniferous tree. It grows in what

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I think the geologists or botanists call the Upper Sonoran life-zone. It occurs in all the world on only a small portion of this continent. There, it holds the dry earth together with its roots, feeds people with its nuts (we call them Indian nuts in the East) and gives them a hot and sweet-smelling firewood. Curiously, this particular section where the piñon grows has the longest and most dramatic history of any part of the United States. The Spaniards came up into it something like a century before the Pilgrims landed in New England. Mormon, Catholic and Indian mystics moved through it; it seemed to foster them as did upstate New York. In it, priests led revolts against oppression and, four centuries ago, two half-naked Spaniards and a Negro traveled among strange Indians, blessing them and received by the Indians as healers. Oddly enough, they seemed actually to have healed.

Three cultures still exist in the piñon country, the Indian, the Anglo-American and the Mexican-Spanish. The scant rainfall, the broken mountain terrain, the three cultures, still largely at variance, all made and make the major problem there one of adaptability. It is not the violent who have been best at this in spite of the nature of the country.

Of what has happened there in the past as well as what is happening there today, of the weather, history, pleasures, trials and nature of the people there, Haniel Long has written what may prove to be a little classic. Capable of the long view, of a disarming objectivity, and master of a distinguished style, Long has caught in essence a country narrow geographically but deep in history. Next to the Indian, no group has influenced that country more than has the Catholic. At Taos Pueblo, Indians with yellow aspen branches in their hands dance before their chapel after Father Garcia has led Vespers inside. . . . The Laurentian nuns were in Taos long before D. H. Lawrence and Mabel Dodge, and still teach the grammar school there. At Montezuma Seminary in the piñon country the Jesuits are educating six hundred seminarians for the Mexican priesthood. It is good for us in the East, self-conscious of the lack of either a gracious or an intellectual Catholic tradition in this country, to recall certain things. Mr. Long's book helps us to do so.

HARRY SYLVESTER.

Salud, a South American Journal. Margaret Culkin Banning. Harper. $2.75.

AN AUTHOR of popular fiction takes a six weeks' course in goodneighboring and recounts her experiences in a pleasant, chatty style, sometimes witty, never boring, generally superficial. The reviewer is somewhat disarmed by Mrs. Banning's frank admission of her complete unfamiliarity with the subject and her evident goodwill and desire to learn and understand all that she can about South America—a gigantic task for anyone in six weeks.

Politically, economically, she contributes little to the reader's knowledge, but her insight into certain social and spiritual problems is excellent. The woman's angle is intelligently approached and she places her finger on a sore spot when she senses a lack of intimacy between North and South American women, the tremendous barrier of language, and the mistaken attitude of "colony" life—but who told her that Ana Rosa Martinez Guerrero is the best-known woman in Latin America?

Mrs. Banning evidences a genuine understanding of the religious atmosphere of the continent and its Catholicity, a factor often missed, avoided or misrepresented by so many Latin American impressionists. As her anonymous Argentine friend put it: "South America has a Catholic philosophy, a Catholic moral which insists on the permanence of marriage, the ideal of family life, and the chastity of women." Whether we like it or not, we've got to accept our neighbors with their idea of religion and realize that they too have to adjust themselves in order to understand our traditions.

There are glaring errors in "A South American Journal," for which Mrs. Banning has already been taken to task by other reviewers, and the confusion of countries and names is regrettable, but I for one do not blame her for this shortcoming, but rather her publishers. She is sent by them to South America not because she pretends to have any knowledge of those countries, but because she has a name, a name that will sell the book, regardless of what it contains. They are in the publishing business for money, of course, and know that her wide magazine audience will take her word for our neighbors like a chapter from the gospel, but please, please, couldn't they afford a proofreader who could at least spell Spanish correctly, know that Ismael Edwards Matte should be referred to as Mr. Edwards, that Bernardo O'Higgins's name is not Harvey and that the war was fought between Bolivia and Paraguay? It is little enough to ask.

LULÚ VARGAS VILA.

WAR

Scum of the Earth. Arthur Koestler. Macmillan. $2.50.

THE "scum of the earth" are those who fought fascism in all the countries of Europe. Some of them belonged to the International Brigade in Spain. Others were socialists or left wing sympathizers. They resisted fascism, suffered through it, escaped from it, and finally took refuge in France only to find themselves, after the declaration of war, caught in the net of the police because of their foreign origin, and, likely, because of their militant life. They ended, of course, in jail and in concentration camps where the former martyrs and heroes are still treated "like the scum of the earth."

Mr. Koestler escaped to tell his story. He spent a hundred days at Le Vernet, a forest camp in the Pyrenees. The abominable material conditions of the camp, the stupidity of the police, the meanness of the officers in charge, the tragic irresponsibility of government employees and officials make an appalling tale. Once more one is confronted with the human beast, and it is not very pretty. Whether a book treats of American lynching parties, Polish pogroms, British devastation of Indian villages, nazi purges or French cruelty, it is the same endless and shameful tale of human wickedness coupled and increased by immense stupidity. And one bad deed does not excuse another.

This time, however, the woeful story is given not so much as an example of French turpitude, but as an illustration of a state of affairs which explains the fall of France. And we have one more book on the subject, this time written by an Hungarian, a journalist, who had left the Communist Party because he had ceased to believe that the end justifies the means.

Of the awful experiences, physical and moral, that Mr. Koestler went through, there is nothing to say, except to feel ashamed that they took place in France. As to the paragraph on the armistice dealing with the handing

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over of German and Austrian political refugees, it cuts to the quick every French person I know, whatever his political inclinations. That paragraph had its counterpart in the Versailles Treaty when the Germans were made to sign that they were the sole and only responsible ones for the war. Both nations now should be quits—they both found what could hurt the other the most to sign.

Because so many unfortunate and tragic things have happened in France in connection with foreigners lately, one is inclined to let Mr. Koestler's book go by without criticism. On that ground one readily overlooks his sweeping generalization: "The medieval Church had soiled and compromised Christianity . . . Versailles was the crime of a degenerate class [the French ruling class] . . . the better, optimistic half of humanity which was called Left," etc., etc.

Still, though strictly personal, Mr. Koestler did not intend his book to be treated as such. What interests him is the significance behind his own and others' cases. They had bitterly fought fascism throughout Europe and they found themselves hunted and clapped in prison in a country which was carrying on "a war against fascism." The answer to this riddle which puzzled Mr. Koestler for a long time was that high ranking officers and rich French people were fascists at heart.

It seems incredible that Mr. Koestler could have thought the war was against fascism. Of course, there is a difference, as he points out, between a war against fascism and an anti-fascist war. But even a war against fascism would not have been exact. The war would have taken place against *any* German government which would have had uncontrollable greed. But for Mr. Koestler the important point is that the German government was a nazi government; so in fighting Germany one was fighting fascism. In the case of France, fascism won, both from within and without.

It is one thing to fight anywhere and everywhere and it is another thing to fight for one's country. Reading this book one gets the feeling that Mr. Koestler does not belong to any country, except "the Left." Likely that is what he wants. But if so, it becomes extremely difficult to pass judgment on one special country. One remains outside of it somehow, and that is what happens to Mr. Koestler. Venturing an accusation of pettiness, I shall say nevertheless that there is evidence, even if superficial, of Mr. Koestler's lack of understanding of the French people, in the fact that he let his book be published with a shocking number of mistakes. Almost every single sentence in French is incorrect or grammatically wrong. There is, in that sloppiness, an indication of a lack of respect for the language of the country he is discussing which leads one to think that his contact with it, even if most unfortunate, remained superficial.

As a document of human shortcomings and misery, "Scum of the Earth" is a good book. As a proof that France was ready for fascism it has no interest. "What! But I was there! I saw! I suffered!" Yes, and it hurts us that you, and others, suffered in France. But the point is that you, Mr. Koestler, see France only as one more decisive battleground between the forces of liberty and oppression. But for the French people it is not that at all. It is not disavowing the Revolution to state that France was not true in 1789. France is not linked in the minds of the French people to a special régime. They may prefer one or another, but none for them *is* France. France lives and endures through them all. The only thing that the French people know at the bottom of their hearts throughout history is "la grande pitié du royaume de France." If you look at it in that way you will view the situation quite differently. The problem will at once become simpler, because it deals with simple feelings and reactions, and more complex because seen from within.

There is one instance in the book which might have given Mr. Koestler a clue to the French *raison d'être*. It lies wholly outside the realm of politics. It is his meeting with Père Darrault the Dominican, who listens to his story, treats him to all the good food he can find, and says that the only alternative to killing is to preach. Through these few meetings shines the tormented and heroic face of France. For France is nothing but a great faith, from Saint Genevieve to Little Thérèse. This is not clericalism but a passionate dedication to Christianity and that is where Mr. Koestler will find her—he and all those who are the only ones to have been mentioned twice in the Beatitudes: "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after justice: for they shall have their fill. . . . Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

Arrest and Exile. Lilian T. Mowrer. Morrow. $2.50.

THERE are many books dealing with life in Soviet prisons and concentration camps, and some of them depict scenes of horror and cruelty far greater than those told by the author, though her story is grim enough. It seems that we know all that can be learned about the methods of the GPU—but there is a special, personal note, in Mrs. Mowrer's account, which gives it particular value as a "human document"; it is a first-hand testimony brought to her by Mrs. Olga Kochanska, American born, but married to a Pole and deported to Siberia with hundreds of other Poles after the occupation of Lemberg by the Red Army. It was only after long months of privations, hardships, moral and physical sufferings that Mrs. Kochanska succeeded in proving her American citizenship and was finally released and allowed to return to America.

Mrs. Mowrer, who tells of this tragic experience, does not only relate the circumstances of Mrs. Kochanska's arrest and exile, or the terrible conditions she suffered from; she also gives a profound psychological picture, the subtler reactions of a sensitive soul facing enslavement. The fact that her heroine is a delicate, highly cultured young woman, the widow of a distinguished musician and herself a fine artist, lends special pathos to these pages.

One of the greatest tragedies of present days is the mass deportation of human beings ordered by totalitarian rulers. Why were these six hundred Poles, belonging to Lemberg's élite, torn from their homes, loaded into cattle-trucks and taken to "Zimny Gorodok," a Siberian concentration camp? Why were they forced to fulfill absurd tasks, like sorting rotten potatoes and filling leaking kerosene tanks? Why were wives separated from their husbands, and children from their parents? Why were they shut up half starved in this frozen prison, which might have been called "heart-break town"? Mrs. Kochanska vainly sought an answer to this question; all that she learned from the Soviet officials was that these "Polish bourgeois" had been brought here to die. Those who would be lucky enough to survive, would probably be some day released. . . .

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"Hard labor," writes Mrs. Mowerer, "is hard not merely on account of the effort it entails, but because someone has the power to make you do it." These simple words give the key to the entire atmosphere of Zimny Gorodok. From Mrs. Kochanska's words, the author gives a striking description of the *"someone"* who ruled the prisoners' lives, the ruthless Steputin; both he and his wife are typical Soviet jailers.

"Did this impassive pair," writes the author, "ever show any warmth of feeling, even when alone? the prisoners often wondered. All their normal impulses seemed suppressed. Or was their attitude the result of Bolshevik education in which private lives and interests were sacrificed to those of the State? . . . "The Soviet have *no* pity," she further writes; "they deliberately try to stifle what is noblest in people—that is the sin against the Holy Ghost."

Mme. Kochanska brought back from Zimny Gorodok a sad picture of the Poles' plight under Bolshevik rule and severe as well as clear-sighted words of criticism concerning Bolshevik methods. Yet she feels no antagonism toward Russia herself, and has adopted a noble and generous attitude, which she declares "history endorsed as well." And she writes in her concluding pages that, whatever the wrongs she suffered, "she knew that for centuries Poles and Russians had fought each other without destroying a bond of kinship." Now that they have rallied against a common enemy, and Soviet Russia has released the Polish prisoners, the matter, she says, has been "clinched for her: indignation at her personal tribulation dwindled before the realization of what grim fate her adopted country faced were Germany to remain victor."

HELEN ISWOLSKY.

Metapolitics. Peter Viereck. Knopf. $3.00.

THOSE who are willing to embark at once on war with Germany should consider what a successful war will accomplish. This book shows that the struggle is with a philosophic nihilism working out of the import of vicious tendencies permanently present in human nature. No war will destroy these tendencies but a successful war might again bring them under institutional control. The danger is that in fighting animalism you may become a beast yourself. This book shows there is something in Germany which it is right to fight. But what is to be fought is not Hitler in a literal sense, and Hitler's death will not help matters much. The enemy is immoralism. It results from a deep sickness in the order of religious life. But then immoralism is not the exclusive possession of the Germans. Multitudes of modern men believe in nothing transcendental. Obedience based on interior consent to a moral law has become impossible since vast numbers find no divine imperative to obey. This may be the reason why in the world of today neither here nor abroad is there any serious and powerful movement having peace as its objective. There is no such thing as peace when there is no effective interior belief to keep animal-man in check. It is therefore sound judgment perhaps to conclude that the only peace possible is one of exhaustion and to suppose that our choice is to decide whether we wish to hasten exhaustion by active present war. To be sure this is only one viewpoint relative to a very complicated state of affairs. It is absurd to claim that there is nothing but badness in the world today. But the goodness of today is tired and perhaps unfit for arduous struggle.

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The Inner Forum

The Church in Mexico

"THE RESURRECTION of the Catholic Church in Mexico is taking place, and it is very pleasing to behold," Bishop Gannon wrote after joining there in the international celebration at the Basilica of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The *New World* quotes Archbishop Martinez of Mexico City:

> Under Camacho, the first chief executive in years to declare publicly, "I am a believer," the Church has received a new measure of freedom. President Avila Camacho has notably eased the situation of the Catholic Church in Mexico. Having, as we do have, good will on all sides, I have hope that religious peace will come.

The new situation was manifested by the celebrations mentioned above, on Columbus Day, the Spanish American "Day of the Race."

Archbishop Cantwell of Los Angeles led the US delegation. He was already well known there for his care of the many Mexican people in his own archdiocese.

> Archbishop Cantwell, invited by Archbishop Martinez of Mexico to pontificate on the occasion, declined with the remark: "I do not think enough of your government to disguise myself in order to enter your country." [One of the anti-religious laws bans clerical garb.]
>
> Immediately, the Mexican Government extended to him all the courtesies his dignity and office and manner of dress demanded, and he accepted the invitation. . . . His trip, all the way from the American border to the City of Mexico, was triumphal. . . .

Bishop Gannon also wrote of the trip:

> While the laws that hamper religion are still in effect, religious groups are comparatively free to carry on their activities. Interpretations have been made. Catholicity is quite evident and it is excellent Catholicity here. Of course, secularism is evident too.

Most difficult is providing now sufficient priests for the enormous parishes of the country. The Seminary of Montezuma in the US for Mexican priests is most important in this work. The American visitors also visited a formerly secret seminary in Monterrey, whose rector, a victim of the Calles persecution, had studied in Castrovilla, Texas, in the seminary established by Bishop Kelley. Even in Monterrey, however, there are only one-sixth enough priests for minimal pastoral care.

CONTRIBUTORS

Max FISCHER, now established in this country, was in pre-nazi times a German author and newspaper writer who fought for Christian philosophy and conservative politics.
Karl DETZER writes frequently for the magazines; his "Carl Sandburg" has recently been published by Harcourt Brace.
Muriel KENT wrote us about another robin named Caruso some two and a half years ago; she is still living in her English home.
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